

The Tragedie

He win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I haue a king.

Glo. Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?

Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:

Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousen noble L. of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousen, with all my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, I'll giue my cosen.

Yor. A greater gift? O that's the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.

Yor. O than I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.

Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

of Richard

Because that I am litle like an A
He thinkes that you should be

Buc. With what a sharpe pro
To mitigate the scorne he giue
He pretely and aptly taunts him
So cunuing and so youg is won

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you
My selfe and my good cousen B
Will to your mother, to entreat
To meet you at the Tower, and

Yor. What will you goe vnto

Prin. My Lord Protector wil

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quie

Glo. Why, what should you

Yor. Mary my vncle Clarence
My Granam tolde me he was m

Prin. I feare no vncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I ho

Prin. And if they liue, I hope
But come my L. with a heauie h
Thinking on them, goe I vnto t

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this
Was not incensed by his subtile
To taunt and scorne you thus o

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh t
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward
He is all the mothers, from the t

Buc. Well let them rest: Cor
Thou art sworne as deeply to eff
As closely to conceale what we

Thou knowest our reasons vrg
What thinkest thou, is it not an
To make William L. Hastings c

For the instalment of this nobl
In the seate royall of this famou
Catef. He for his fathers sake

That he will not be wonne to cu

Buc. What thinkest thou ch

Because